The Synagogue:

OR THE

SHADOW

OF THE

TEMPLE.

SACRED *POEMS*,

AND

PRIVATE EJACULATIONS.

In Imitation of

Mr. *George Herbert*.

The Revd. E. Harvey

Plin. Sec. lib. 1. Ep. 5.

Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere.

I do esteem't a folly not the least
To imitate examples not the best.

The Seventh Edition, Corrected and Enlarged

LONDON,

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To the Author.

HE that doth imitate muſt comprehend;
Verſe, Matter, Order, Title, Spirit, Wit;
For theſe alſo our Church-Poet doth intend,
And he who hath his Imitation writ.
O glory of the time! beſt Engliſh ſinger,
Happy both he the Hand and thou the Finger.

R. Langford of Grayes-Inn,
Counſellour of Law.

Subterliminare.

Dic, cujus Templum? Christi. Quis condidit? Hic
Condidit Herbertus. *Dic, quibus auxiliis?*
Auxiliis multis: quibus, haud mihi dicere fas est.
Tanta est ex dictis lis oriunda meis.
Gratia, si dicam, dedit omnia; protinus obstat
Ingenium, dicens, cuncta fuisse sua.
Ars negat, & nihil est non nostrum dicit in illo;
Nec facile est litem composuisse mihi.
Divide: Materiam det gratia, materiaque
Ingenium cultus induat, atque modos.
Non: ne displiceat pariter res omnibus ista,
Nec sortita velint jura vocare sua.
Nempe pari sibi jure petunt, cultusque, modosque,
Materiamque, ars, & gratia, & ingenium.
Ergo, velit si quis dubitantem tollere elenchum,
De Templo Herberti *talia dicta dabit.*
In Templo Herbertus *condendo est gratia totus,*
Ars pariter totus, totus & ingenium.
Cedite Romanæ, Graiiæ quoque cedite Musæ;
Unum par cunctis Anglia jactat opus.

A ſtepping ſtone to the threſhold of Mr. Herberts *Church-Porch.*

WHat Church is this? Chriſts Church. Who built? Mr. *George Herbert*. Who aſſiſted it? (ded it?
Many aſſiſted: who I may not ſay,
So much contention might ariſe that way.
If I ſay Grace gave all; Wit ſtraight doth thwart,
And ſays, All that is there is mine: but Art
Denies, and ſays, There's nothing there but's mine:
Nor can I eaſily the right define.
Divide: ſay, Grace the matter gave, and Wit
Did poliſh it: Art meaſur'd, and made fit
Each ſev'ral piece, and fram'd it altogether.
Nay, by no means this may not pleaſe them neither.
None's well contented with a part alone,
When each doth challenge all to be his own.
The matter, the expreſſions, and the meaſures,
Are equally Arts, Wits, and graces treaſures.
Then he, that would impartially diſcuſs
This doubtful queſtion, muſt anſwer thus:
In building of his Temple, Maſter *Herbert*
Is equally all Grace, all Wit, all Art.
Roman and *Grecian* Muſes all give way:
One *Engliſh* Poem darkens all your day.

The Dedication.

LOrd, my first fruits should have been sent to thee;
For thou the tree,
That bare them, only lentest unto me.

But while I had the use, the fruit was mine:
Not so divine,
As that I dare presume to call it thine.

Before 'twas ripe it fell unto the ground:
And since I found
It bruised in the dirt, nor clean, nor sound.

Some I have pick'd, and wip'd, and bring thee now,
Lord, thou know'st how:
Gladly I would, but dare not it avow.

Such as it is, 't is her e. Pardon the best,
Accept the rest.
Thy pardon and acceptance maketh blest.

The Church-yard.

THou that intendeſt to the Church to day,
Come take a turn or two, before thou go'ſt,
In the Church-yard; the walk is in the way.
Who takes beſt heed in going, haſteth moſt:
But he that unprepared raſhly ventures,
Haſtens perhaps to ſeal his deaths indentures.

The Church-ſtile.

SEeſt thou that ſtile? Obſerve then how it riſes,
Step after ſtep, and equally deſcends:
Such is the way to win celeſtial prizes:
Humility the courſe begins and ends.
Wouldſt thou in grace to high perfections grow?
Shoot thy roots deep, ground thy foundations low.

Humble thy ſelf, and god will lift thee up;
Thoſe that exalt themſelves he caſteth down:
The hungry he invites with him to ſup,
And clothes the naked with his robe and crown.
Think not thou haſt, what thou from him wouldſt have:
His labour's loſt if thou thy ſelf can'ſt ſave.

Pride is the prodigality of grace,
Which caſteth all away by griping all:
Humility is thrift, both keeps his place,
And gains by giving, riſeth by its fall.
To get by giving, and to loſe by keeping,
Is to be ſad in mirth, and glad in weeping.

The

The Church-gate.

NExt to the ſtile, ſee where the gate doth ſtand,
Which turning upon hooks and hinges may
Eas'ly be ſhut, or open'd with an hand.
Yet conſtant to its centre ſtill doth ſtay,
And fetching a wide compaſs round about,
Keeps the ſame courſe, and diſtance, never out.

Such muſt the courſe be that to Heaven tends,
He that the gates of righteouſneſs would enter,
Muſt ſtill continue conſtant to his ends,
And fix himſelf in God, as in his centre.
Cleave cloſe to him by faith, then move which way
Diſcretion leads thee, and thou ſhalt not ſtray.

We never wander, till we looſe our hold
Of him that is our way, our light, our guide:
But, when we grow of our own ſtrength too bold,
Unhook'd from him, we quickly turn aſide.
He holds us up, whilſt in him we are found:
If once we fall from him, we go to ground.

The Church-walls.

NOw view the walls, the Church is compaſs'd round,
as much for ſafety, as for ornament:
'Tis an incloſure, and no common ground;
'Tis Gods free-hold, and but our tenement.
Tenants at will, and yet in tail, we be:
Our children have the ſame right to't as we.

Remember there muſt be no gaps left ope,
Where god hath fenc'd, for fear of falſe illuſions.

God will have all, or none: Allows no scope
For sins inchroachments, or mens own intrusions.
Close binding locks his Laws together fast:
He that plucks out the first, pulls down the last.

Either resolve for all, or else for none:
Obedience universal he doth claim.
Either be wholly his, or all thine own:
At what thou can'st not reach, at least take aim:
He that of purpose looks beside the mark,
Might as well hood-wink'd shoot, or in the dark.

The Church.

LAstly, consider where the Church doth stand,
As near unto the middle as may be;
God in his service chiefly doth command
Above all other things sincerity.
Lines drawn from side to side within a round,
Not meeting in the centre, short are found.

Religion must not side with any thing,
That swerves from God, or else withdraws from him;
He that a welcome sacrifice would bring,
Must fetch it from the bottom, not the brim.
A sacred Temple of the Holy Ghost
Each part of man must be, but his heart most.

Hypocrisie in Church is Alchimy,
That casts a golden tincture upon brass:
There is no essence in it: 'tis a lye,
Though fairly stamp't for truth it often pass:
Only the spirits *aqua regia* doth
Discover it to be but painted froth.

The

The Church-Porch.

NOw, e're thou passest further, sit thee down
In the Church porch, and think what thou hast seen;
Let due consideration either crown,
Or crush, thy former purposes. Between
Rash undertakings, and firm resolutions,
Depends the strength, or weakness, of conclusions.

Trace thy steps backward in thy memory
And first resolve of, what thou hearedst last,
Sincerity; it blots the history
Of all religious actions and doth blast
The comfort of them, when in them God sees
Nothing but out-sides of formalities.

In earnest be religious, trifle not;
And rather for Gods sake, than for thine own:
Thou hast rob'd him, unless that he have got,
By giving, if his glory be not grown
Together with thy good: who seeketh more
Himself than God, would make his roof his floor.

Next to sincerity, remember still,
Thou must resolve upon Integrity.
God will have all thou hast, thy mind, thy will,
Thy thoughts, thy words thy works: Annullify
It proves, when God, that should have all, doth find,
That there is any one thing left behind.

And having giv'n him all, thou must receive
All that he gives. Mete his Commandement:
Resolve that thine obedience must not leave,
Untill it reach unto the same extent.

For all his precepts are of equal strength,
And measure thy performance to the length:

Then call to mind that constancy must knit
Thine undertakings, and thine actions fast:
He that sets forth towrds Heaven, and doth sit
Down by the way, will be found short at last.
Be constant to the end, and thou shalt have
An heavenly garland, though an earthly grave.

But he that would be constant, must not take
Religion up by fits and starts alone;
But his continual practice must it make:
His course must be from end to end but one.
Bones often broken, and knit up again,
Lose of their length, though in their strength they gain.

Lastly, remember that Humility
Must solidate, and keep all close together,
What pride puffs up with vain futility
Lyes open, and expos'd to all ill weather:
An empty bubble may fair colour carry,
But blow upon it, and it will not tarry.

Prize not thine own too high, nor undervalue
Anothers worth; but deal indifferently:
View the defects of thy spiritual state,
And others graces, with impartial eye.
The more thou deemest of thy self, the less
Esteem of thee will all men else express.

Contract thy lesson now, and this is just
The sum of all. Hee that desires to see
The face of God, in his Religion must
Sincere, entire, constant, and humble be.
If thus resolved, fear not to proceed:
Else the more haste thou mak'st, the worse thou'lt speed.

Church-

Church-Utenſils.

BEtwixt two dang'rous rocks, Phophaneneſs on
Th' one ſide, on the other ſuperſtition,
How ſhall I ſail ſecure?
Lord be my ſteerſ-man, hold my helm,
And then though winds with waves o'rewhelm
My ſails, I will endure
It patiently. The bottom of the Sea
Is ſafe enough, if thou direct the way.

I'le tug my tacklings then, I'le ply mine oars,
And cry, a fig for fear. He that adores
The giddy multitude
So much, as to deſpiſe my rhymes;
Becauſe they tune not to the times;
I wiſh may not intrude
His preſence here. But they (and that's enough)
Who love Gods houſe, will like his houſhold-ſtuff.

The Font.

THe Font, I ſay. Why not? And why not near
To the Church door? Why not of ſtone?
Is not that bleſſed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from ſin and uncleanneſs waſheth clear?
And may not beggars well contented be
Their firſt alms at the door to take?
Though, when acquainted better they may ſee
Others within that bolder make.
Low places will ſerve gueſts of low degree.

What?

What? Is he not the rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-blood run forth?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well try'd?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone vessels are ally'd.

But call it what, and place it where you will:
Let it be made indifferently
Of any form, or matter; yet, until
The blessed sacrament thereby
Impaired be, my hopes you shall not kill.

To want a complement of comliness
Some of my comfort may abate,
And for the present make my joy go less:
Yet I will hug mine homely state,
And poverty with patience richly dress.

Regeneration is all in all,
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal, and instrument thereof; I call
The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's as fœderal.

If temporal estates may be convey'd,
By covenants on condition,
To men, and to their heirs; be not afraid,
My soul, to rest upon
The covenant of Grace by mercy made.

Do but thy duty, and rely upon't,
Repentance, faith, obedience,
When ever practis'd, truly will amount
To an authentick evidence,
Though th' deed were antidated at the Font.

The

The reading Pue.

HEre my new enter'd soul doth first break fast,
Here seaſoneth her infant taſt,
And at her mother-nurſe the Churches dugs
With lab'ring lips and tongue ſhe tuggs
For that ſincere milk, which alone doth feed
Babes new born of immortal ſeed:
Who, that they may unto perfection grow,
Muſt be content to creep before they go.

They, that would reading out of Church exclude,
Sure have a purpoſe to obtrude
Some dictates of their own, inſtead of Gods
Revealed will, his word. 'Tis odds,
They do not mean to pay men current coyn,
Who ſeek the ſtandard to purloyn,
And would reduce all tryals to their own,
Both touch-ſtones, balances, and weights, alone.

What reaſonable man would not miſdoubt
Thoſe comments, that the text leave out?
And that their main intent is alteration,
Who doat ſo much on variation,
That no ſet form at all they can endure
To be preſcrib'd, or put in ure?
Rejecting bounds and limits is the way,
If not all waſte, yet common all to lay.

But why ſhould he, that thinks himſelf well grown,
Be diſcontent that ſuch a one,
As knows himſelf an infant yet, ſhould be
Dandled upon his mothers knee,
And babe-like fed with milk, till he have got
More ſtrength and ſtomach? Why ſhould not
Nurſlings

Nurslings in Church, as well as weanlings, find
Their food fit for them in their proper kind.

Let them that would build castles in the air,
Vault thither, without step or stair;
Instead of feet to climb, take wings to flie,
And think their turrets top the skie.
But let me lay all my foundations deep,
And learn before I run, to creep.
Who digs through rocks to lay his ground-work slow,
May in good time build high, and sure, though slow.

To take degrees *per saltum*, though of quick
Dispatch, is but a truants trick.
Let us learn first to know our letters well,
Then syllables, then words to spell;
Then to read plainly, e're we take the pen
In hand to write to other men.
I doubt their preaching is not always true,
Whose way, to th' Pulpit's not the reading Pue.

The Book of Common-prayer.

WHat Pray'r by th' Book? And Common?
Yes. Why not?
The spirit of grace,
And supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place?
But manner too. To read, or speak by rote,
Is all alike to him, that prays
With's heart, that with his mouth he says.

They that in private by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways,

Where-

Wherein to make
Their souls most intimate affections known
To him that sees in secret, when
Th' are most conceal'd from other men.
But, he that unto others leads the way
In publick pray'r,
Should choose to do it so,
As all, that hear, may know
They need not fear
To turn their hearts unto his tongue, and say,
Amen; nor doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they should have pray'd.
Devotion will add life unto the letter.
And why should not
That which Authority
Prescribes, esteemed be
Advantage got?
If th' Pray'r be good the commoner, the better.
Pray'r in the Churches words, as well
As sense, of all pray'rs bears the bell.

The Bible

THe Bible? That's the Book. The Book indeed,
The Book of Books:
On which who looks,
As he should do, aright, shall never need
Wish for a better light
To guide him in the night:
Or, when he hungry is, for better food
To feed upon,
Than this alone,
If he bring stomach and digestion good:

And

And if he be amiss,
This the best physick is.

The true Panchreston 'tis for ev'ry sore,
And sickness, which
The poor and rich,
With equal ease may come by. Yea, 'tis more,
An antidote, as well
As remedy 'gainst Hell.

'Tis Heaven in perspective; and the bliss
Of glory here,
If any where,
By Saints on Earth anticipated is,
Whil'st faith to ev'ry word
A being doth afford.

It is the looking-glass of souls, wherein
All men may see,
Whether they be
Still, as by nature th' are, deform'd with sin;
Or in a better case,
As new adorn'd with grace.

'Tis the great Magazine of spiritual arms,
Wherein doth lye
Th' artillery
Of Heaven, ready charg'd against all harms,
That might come by the blows
Of our infernal foes.

Gods Cabinet of reveal'd counsel 'tis:
Where weal and woe
Are order'd so,
That every man may know which shall be his;
Unless his own mistake
False application make.

It

It is the Index to Eternity.
He cannot miſs
Of endleſs bliſs,
That takes this chart to ſteer his voyage by.
Nor can he be miſtook,
That ſpeaketh by this book.

A Book, to which no Book can be compar'd
For excellence;
Preeminence
Is proper to it, and cannot be ſhar'd.
Divinity alone
Belongs to it, or none.

It is the Book of God. What if I ſhould
Say, God of Books?
Let him that looks
Angry at that expreſſion, as too bold,
His thoughts in ſilence ſmother,
Till he find ſuch another.

The Pulpit.

'Tis dinner time; and now I look
For a full meal. God ſend me a good Cook:
This is the dreſſer-board, and here
I wait in expectation of good cheer.
I'm ſure the maſter of the houſe
Enough to entertain his gueſts allows:
And not enough of ſome one ſort alone,
But choice of what beſt fitteth ev'ry one.
God grant me taſte and ſtomack good:
My feeding will diverſifie my food;
'Tis a good appetite to eat,
And good digeſtion, that makes good meat.

The

The best food in it self will be,
Not fed on well, poyson, not food, to me.
Let him that speaks look to his words; my ear
Must careful be, both what and how I hear.

'Tis *Manna* that I look for here,
The bread of Heaven, Angels food. I fear
No want of plenty, where I know
The loaves by eating more, and greater, grow:
Where nothing but forbearance makes
A famine: where he only wants, that takes
Not what he will: provided that he would
Take nothing to himself, but what he should.

Here the same fountain poureth forth
Water, Wine, Milk, Oyl, Honey, and the worth
Of all transcendent, infinite
In excellence, and to each appetite
In fitness answerable; so,
That none needs hence unsatisfied go,
Whose stomach serves him unto any thing,
That health, strength, comfort, or content can bring.

Yea, dead men here invited are
Unto the bread of life, and whilst they spare
To come and take it, they must blame
Themselves, if they continue still the same.
The body's fed by food, which it
Assimilates, and to it self doth fit:
But, that the soul may feed, it self must be
Transformed to the world, with it agree.

To milk the strongest men must be
As new born babes, when ever they it see,
Desiring, not despising it.
For strong meat babes must stay, and strive to fit
themselves in time, until they can

Get

Get by degrees (which beſt beſeem a man)
Experience-exerciſed ſenſes, able
Good to diſcern from evil, truth from fable.

Here I will wait then; till I ſee
The ſteward reaching out a meſs for me,
Reſolve I'e take it thankfully,
What e're it be, and feed on't heartily.
Although no *Benjamins* choiſe meſs,
Five times as much as others, but far leſs;
Yea, if't be but a basket full of crums,
I'le bleſs the hand, from which, by which, it comes.

Like an invited gueſt, I will
Be bold, but mannerly with all, ſit ſtill
And ſee what the maſter of the feaſt
Will carve unto mee, and account that beſt,
Which he doth chooſe for me, not I
My ſelf deſire: Yea, though I ſhould eſpy
Some fault in th' dreſſing, in the diſhing, or
The placing, yet I will not it abhor.

So that the meat be wholſom, though
The ſauce ſhall not be toothſoom, I'le not go
Empty away, and ſtarve my ſoul,
To feed my fooliſh fancy; but controul
My appetite to dainty things,
Which oft inſtead of ſtrength diſeaſes brings:
But, if my pulpit-hopes ſhall all prove vain,
I'le back unto the reading Pue again.

The Communion Table.

HEre ſtands my banquet ready, the laſt courſe,
And beſt proviſion,
That I muſt feed upon,
Till death my ſoul and body ſhall diverſe,

And that I am
Call'd to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Some call't the Altar, some the holy Table.
The name I stick not at,
Whether't be this, or that,
I care not much, so that I may be able
Truly to know
Both why it is, and may be called so.

And for the matter whereof it was made,
The matter is not much,
Although it be of touch,
Or wood, or metal, what will last, or fade;
So vanity,
And superstition avoided be.

Nor would it trouble me to see it found
Of any fashion,
That can be thought upon,
Square, oval, many-angled, long, or round;
If close it be,
Fixt, open, movable, all's one to me.

And yet, methinks, at a communion
In uniformity
There's greatest decency,
And that which maketh most for union;
But needlessly
To vary, tends to th' breach of charity.

Yet, rather than I'le give, I will not take
Offence, if it be given,
So that I be not driven
To thwart authority, a party make
For faction,
Or side, but seemingly, in th' action.

At

At a Communion I wish I might
Have no cause to suspect
Any, the least, defect
Of unity and peace, either in sight
Apparently,
Or in mens hearts concealed secretly.

That, which ordained is to make men one,
More than before they were,
Should not it self appear,
Though but appear, distinctly divers. None
Too much can see
Of what, when most, yet but enough can be.

If others will dissent, and vary, who
Can help it? If I may,
As hath been done alway,
By th' best, and most, I will my self do so;
Of one accord
The servants should be of one God one Lord.

Communion Plate.

NEver was gold, or silver, graced thus
Before.
To bring this body, and this blood, to us,
Is more
Than to crown Kings,
Or be made rings,
For star-like diamonds to glitter in.
No precious stones are meet to match this bread
Divine.
Spirits of pearls dissolved would but dead
This wine.
This heav'nly food
Is too too good
To be compar'd to any earthly thing.

For

For such inestimable treasure can
There be
Vessels too costly made by any man?
Sure he
That knows the meat
So good to eat,
Would wish to see it richly served in.

Although 'tis true, that sanctity's not ty'd
To state;
Yet sure Religion should not be envy'd
The fate
Of meaner worth,
To be set forth,
As best becomes the service of a King.

A King, unto whose cros all Kings must vail
Their crowns,
And at his beck in their full course strike sail:
Whose frowns,
And smiles gives date
Unto their fate,
And doom them, either unto weal, or woe.

A King, whose will is justice: and whose word
Is pow'r,
And wisdom both. A King, whom to afford
An hour
Of service truly
Perform'd, and duly,
Is to speak eternity of bliss.

When such a King offers to come to me,
As food,
Shall I suppose his carriages can be
Too good?

No:

No: Stars to gold
Turn'd, never could
Be rich enough to be employed so.

If I might wish then, I would have this bread,
This wine,
Vessel'd in what the Sun might blush to shed
His shine,
When he should see:
But, till that be,
I'le rest contented with it, as it is.

Church-Officers.

STay. Officers in Church? Take heed: it is
A tender matter to be touch'd.
If I chance to say any thing amiss,
Which is not fit to be avouch'd,
I must expect whole swarms of wasps to sting me,
Few, or no bees, honey, or wax, to bring me.

Some would have none in Church do any thing,
As Officers, but gifted men;
Others into the number more would bring,
Then I see warrant for: So then,
All that I say, 'tis like, will censur'd be,
Through prejudice, or partiality.

But 'tis no matter; If men censure me,
They but my fellow servants are:
Our Lord allows us all like liberty.
I write, mine own thoughts to declare,
Not to please men: and, if I displease any,
I will not care, so they be of the Many.

The

The Sexton.

THe Churches key-keeper opens the door,
And ſhuts it, ſweeps the floor,
Rings bells, digs graves, and fills them up again;
All Emblems unto men,
Openly owning Chriſtianity,
To mark and learn many good leſſons by.

O thou that haſt the key of *David*, who
Open'ſt and ſhutteſt ſo,
That none can ſhut or open after thee,
Vouchſafe thy ſelf to be
Our ſouls door-keeper, by thy bleſſed ſpirit:
The lock and key's thy mercy, not our merit.

Cleanſe thou our ſinſoyld' ſouls from th' dirt and duſt
Of every noyſom luſt,
Brought in by the foul feet of our affections:
The beeſome of afflictions,
With th' bleſſing of thy ſpirit added to it,
If thou be pleaſ'd to ſay it ſhall, will do it.

Lord, ringing changes all our bells hath marr'd,
Jangled they have, and jarr'd
So long, they're out of tune, and out of frame,
They ſeem not now the ſame.
Put them in frame a new, and once begin
To tune them ſo, that they may chime all in.

Let all our ſins be bury'd in the grave,
No longer rant and rave,
As they have done, to our eternal ſhame,
And the ſcandal of thy name.
Let's as door-keepers in thine houſe attend,
Rather than th' throne of wickedneſs aſcend.

The

The Clerk.

THe Churches Bible-Clerk attends
Her Utenſils, and ends
Her Prayers with Amen,
Tunes Pſalms, and to the Sacraments
Brings in the Elements,
And takes them out again;
Is humble minded, and induſtrious handed,
Doth nothing of himſelf, but as commanded.

All that the veſſels of the Lord
Do bear with one accord
Muſt ſtudy to be pure,
As they are: If his holy eye
Do any ſpot eſpy,
He cannot it endure;
But moſt expecteth to be ſanctifi'd
In thoſe come neareſt him, and glorifi'd.

Pſalms then are always tuned beſt,
When there is moſt expreſt
The holy Penmans heart:
All muſick is but diſcord, where
That wants, or doth not bear
The firſt and chiefeſt part.
Voices, without affection anſwerable,
When beſt, to God are moſt abominable.

Though in the bleſſed Sacraments
The outward Elements
Are but as husks and ſhells;
Yet he that knows the kernels worth,
If even thoſe ſend forth
Some Aromatick ſmells,
Will not eſteem it waſte, leſt *Judas* like
Through *Mary*'s ſide he Chriſt himſelf ſhould ſtrike.

Lord, without whom we cannot tell
How to speak or think well,
Lend us thy helping hand,
That what we do may pleasing be,
Not to our selves but thee,
And answer thy command:
So that not we alone, but thou may'st say
Amen to all our pray'rs, pray'd the right way.

The Overseer of the Poor.

THe Churches Almoner takes care, that none
In their necessity
Shall unprovided be
Of maint'nance, or employment; those alone,
Whom careless idleness,
Or riotous excess,
Condemns to needless want, he leaves to be
Chasten'd a while by their own poverty.

Thou gracious Lord, rich in thy self, dost give
To all men lib'rally,
Upbraiding none. Thine eye
Is open upon all. In thee we live,
We move, and have our being:
But there is more than seeing
For th' poor with thee: they are thy special charge;
To them thou dost thine heart and hand enlarge.
Four sorts of poor there are, with whom thou deal'st,
Though always differently,
With such indifferency,
That none hath reason to complain: thou heal'st
All those whom thou dost wound:
If there be any found
Hurt by themselves, thou leav'st them to endure
The pain, till th' pain render them fit for cure.

Some

Some in the world are poor, but rich in faith:
Their outward poverty
A plentiful supply
Of inward comforts and contentments hath.
And their estate is blest,
In this above the rest,
It was thy choice, whilst thou on earth did'st stay,
And hadst not whereupon thy head to lay.
Some poor in spirit in the world are rich,
Although not many such:
And no man needs to grutch
Their happiness; who to maintain that pitch,
Have an hard task in hand,
Nor eas'ly can withstand
The strong temptations that attend on riches:
Mountains are more expos'd to storms than ditches.
Some rich in th' world are sp'ritually poor,
And destitute of grace,
Who may perchance have place
In the Church upon earth; but heavens door
Too narrow is t' admit
Such camels in at it,
Till they sell all they have, that field to buy,
Wherein the true treasure doth hidden lye.
Some sp'ritually poor, and destitute
Of grace in th' world are poor
Begging from door to door,
Accursed both in Gods and mans repute,
Till by their miseries
Tutor'd they learn to prize
Hungring and thirsting after righteousness,
Whilst they're on earth, their greatest happiness.
Lord, make me poor in spirit, and relieve
Me how thou wilt thy self,
No want of worldly pelf

Shall make me diſcontented, fret and grieve.
I know thine alms are beſt:
But above all the reſt,
Condemn me not unto the hell of riches,
Without thy grace to counterchatm the witches.

The Church-warden.

THe Churches guardian takes care to keep
Her buildings always in repair,
Unwilling that any decay ſhould creep
On them, before he is aware.
Nothing defac'd,
Nothing diſplac'd
He likes; but moſt doth long and love to ſee
The living ſtones order'd as they ſhould be.
Lord, thou not only ſuper-viſor art
Of all our works, but in all thoſe,
Which we dare own, thine is the chiefeſt part:
For there is none of us, that knows
How to do well:
Nor can we tell
What we ſhould do, unleſs by thee directed:
It proſpers not that's by our ſelves projected.
That which we think our ſelves to mend, we mar,
And often make it ten times worſe:
Reforming of Religion by war
Is th' chymick bleſſing of a curſe.
Great odds it is,
That we ſhall miſs
Of what we looked for: Thine ends cannot
By any but by thine own means be got.
'Tis ſtrange we ſo much doat upon our own
Deformity, and others ſcorn.
As if our ſelves were beautiful alone:
When that which did us moſt adorn We

We purpoſely
Chooſe to lay by,
Such decency and order, as did place us
In high'ſt eſteem, and guard as well as grace us.
Is not thy daughter glorious within,
When cloth'd in needle-work without?
Or is't not rather both their ſhame and ſin,
That change her robe into a clout,
Too narrow, and
Too thin, to ſtand
Her need in any ſtead, much leſs to be
An ornament fit for her high degree?
Take pity on her, Lord, and heal her breaches:
Clothe all her enemies with ſhame:
All the deſpight that's done unto her reaches
To the diſhonour of thy name.
Make all her ſons
Rich precious ſtones,
To ſhine each of them in his proper place,
Receiving of thy fulneſs grace for grace.

The Deacon.

THe Deacon! That's the Miniſter.
True, taken gen'rally:
And without any ſiniſter
Intent, us'd ſpecially,
He's purpoſely ordain'd to Miniſter,
In Sacred things, t' another officer.
At whoſe appointment, in whoſe ſtead,
He doth what he ſhould do,
In ſome things, not in all: Is led
By law, and cuſtome too.
Where that doth neither bid, nor forbid, he
Thinks this ſufficient authority:

Loves not to vary, when he sees
No great necessity,
To whats commanded he agrees,
With all humility;
Knowing how highly God submission prizes,
Pleas'd with obedience more than sacrifices.

Lord, thou did'st of thy self profess
Thou wast as one that serv'd,
And freely choosest to go less,
Though none so Much deserv'd.
With what face can we then refuse to be
Enter'd thy servants in a low degree?

Thy way to exaltation
Was by humility:
But we, proud generation,
No diff'rence of degree
In holy orders will allow; nay more,
All holy orders would turn out of door.

But if thy precept cannot do't,
To make us humbly serve,
Nor thy example added to't,
If still from both we swerve;
Let none of us proceed, till he can tell,
How t' use the office of a Deacon well.

Which by the blessing of thy spirit,
Whom thou hast left to be
Thy Vicar here, we may inherit,
And minister to thee,
Though not so well as thou may'st well expect,
Yet so, as thou wilt pleased be t' accept.

The Priest.

THe Priest I say, the Presbyter I mean,
As now adays he's call'd,

By

By many men: But I chooſe to retain
The name wherewith inſtall'd
He was at firſt in our own mother tongue:
And doing ſo, I hope, I do no wrong.

The Prieſt, I ſay, 's a middle Officer,
Between the Biſhop and
The Deacon, as a middle Officer,
Which in the Church doth ſtand
Between God and the people, ready preſt
In the behalf of both to do his beſt.

From him to them offers the promiſes
Of mercy which he makes;
For them to him doth all their faults confeſs,
Their pray'rs and praiſes takes,
And offers for them at the throne of grace,
Contentedly attending his own place.

The word and Sacramants, the means of grace,
He duly doth diſpence,
The flouriſhes of falſhood to deface,
With truths clear evidence;
And ſins uſurped tyranny ſuppreſs,
B' advancing righteouſneſs, and holineſs.

The publick cenſures of the Church he ſees
To execution brought:
But nothing raſhly of himſelf decrees,
Nor covets to be thought
Wiſer than his ſuperiours; whom always
He actively, or paſſively obeys.

Lord Jeſus, thou the mediatour art
Of the new Teſtament,
And fully did'ſt perform thy double part
Of God and man, when ſent.

To reconcile the world, and to attone
'Twixt it and heaven, of two making one.
Yea, after the order of *Melchisedeck*,
Thou art a Priest forever.
With perfect righteousness thy self do'st deck,
Such as decayeth never.
Like to thy self make all thy Priests on earth,
Bless'd fathers to thy sons of th' second birth.
Thou cam'st to do the will of him that sent thee,
And didst his honour seek,
More than thine own: Well may it then repent thee,
Being thy self so meek,
To have admitted them into the place
Of sons, that seek their fathers to disgrace.
Lord, grant that the abuse may be reform'd,
Before it ruin bring
Upon thy poor despised Church, transform'd
As if't were no such thing:
Thou that the God of order art, and peace,
Make curs'd confusion and contention cease.

The Bishop.

THe Bishop? Yes, why not? What doth that name
Import that is unlawful, or unfit?
To say the Overseer is the same
In substance, and no hurt, I hope, to it:
But sure if men did not despise the thing,
such scorn upon the name they would not fling.
Some Priests, some Presbyters, I mean, would be
Each Overseer of his sev'ral cure,
But one Superiour, to oversee
Them altogether, they will not endure;
This the main diff'rence is, that I can see,
Bishops they would not have, but they would be.
But who can shew of old that ever any
Presbyteries without their Bishops were: Though

Though Biſhops without Presbyteries many,
At firſt muſt needs be, almoſt every where?
That Presbyters from Biſhops firſt aroſe,
T' aſſiſt them, 's probable, not theſe from thoſe.

However, a true Biſhop I eſteem
The higheſt Officer the Church on earth
Can have, as proper to itſelf, and deem
A Church without one an imperfect birth.
If conſtituted ſo at firſt, and maimed,
If whom it had, it afterwards diſclaimed.

All order firſt from unity ariſeth,
And th' eſſence of it is ſubordination:
Who ever this contemns, and that deſpiſeth,
May talk of, but intends not, reformation.
'Tis not of God, of Nature, or of Art,
T'aſcribe to all what's proper to one part.

To rule and to be ruled are diſtinct,
And ſev'ral duties, ſev'rally belong
To ſev'ral perſons, can no more be link't
In altogether, than amidſt the throng
Of rude unruly paſſions, in the heart,
Reaſon can ſee to act her ſovereign part.

But a good Biſhop, as a tender father,
Doth teach and rule the Church, and is obey'd.
And re v'renc'd by it, ſo much the rather,
By how much he delighted more to lead
All by his own example in the way,
Than puniſh any when they go aſtray.

Lord, thou the Biſhop, and chief Shepherd art
Of all that flock, which thou haſt purchaſed
With thine own blood: to them thou doſt impart
The benefits which thou haſt merited,
Teaching and ruling by thy bleſſed Spirit,
Their ſouls in grace till glory they inherit.

The ſtars which thou doſt hold in thy right hand,
The Angels of the Churches, Lord, direct
Clearly thy holy Will to underſtand,
And do accordingly: Let no defect
Nor fault, no not in our New Politicks,
Provoke thee to remove our candleſticks;
But let thy Urim and thy Thummim be
Garments of praiſe t' adorn thine holy ones:
Light and perfection let all men ſee
Brightly ſhine forth in thoſe rich precious ſtones,
Of whome thou wilt make a foundation,
To raiſe thy new *Hieruſalem* upon.
And at the brightneſs of its riſing let
All nations with thy people ſhout for joy:
Salvation for Walls and Bulwarks ſet
About it, that nothing may it annoy.
Then the whole world thy Dioceſs ſhall be,
And Biſhops all but Suffragans to Thee.

Church Feſtivals.

MArrow of time, Eternity in brief
Compendiums Epitomiz'd, the chief
Contents, the Indices, the Title-pages
Of all paſt, preſent, and ſucceeding ages,
Sublimate graces, antidated glories,
The cream of holineſs,
The inventories
Of future bleſſedneſs,
The Florilegia of celeſtial ſtories,
Spirits of joys, the reliſhes and cloſes
Of Angels muſick, pearls diſſolved, roſes
Perfumed, ſugar'd honey-combs, delights
Never too highly priz'd,
The marriage rites,
Which duly ſolemniz'd

Usher espoused souls to bridal nights,
Gilded Sun beams, refined Elixars,
And quintessential extracts of stars;
Who loves not you, doth but in vain profess
That he loves God, or Heaven, or happiness.

The Sabbath, Or Lords day.

HAil
Holy
King of days,
The Emperour,
Or Universal
Monarch of time, the weeks
Perpetual dictatour.
Thy
Beauty
Far exceeds
The reach of art,
To blazon fully,
And I thy light eclipse,
When I most strive to raise
(thee.
What
Nothing
Else can be,
Thou only art
Th' extracted spirit
Of all Eternity,
By favour antedated.

Vail
Wholly
To thy praise
For evermore
Must the rehearsal
Of all, that honour seeks,
Under the worlds Creator.
My
Duty
Yet must needs
Yield thee mine heart,
And that not dully:
Spirits of souls, not lips
Alone, are fit to praise thee.
That
Slow things
Time by thee
Hath got the start,
And doth inherit
That immortality,
Which sin anticipated.

O
That I
Could lay by
This body so,
That my soul might be
Incorporate with thee,
And no more to six days owe.

The

The Annunciation, or Lady-day.

UNto the muſick of the ſpheres
Let men, and Angels, joyn in conſort theirs.
So great a meſſenger
From heaven to earth
Is ſeldom ſeen,
Attir'd in ſo much glory,
A meſſage welcomer,
Fraught with more mirth,
Hath never been
Subject of any ſtory:
This by a double right, if any, may
Be truly ſtil'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne're coſt
So dear, by much, as to redeem it loſt.
God ſaid but, *Let it be*,
And ev'ry thing
Was made ſtraight way,
So as he ſaw it good:
But e're that he could ſee
A courſe to bring
Man gone aſtray
To the place where he ſtood;
His wiſdom with his mercy for mans ſake,
Againſt his juſtice part did take.

And the reſult was this days news,
Able the meſſenger himſelf t' amuſe,
As well as her, to whom
By him 'twas told,
That though ſhe were
A Virgin pure, and knew
No man, yet in her womb

A ſon ſhe ſhould
Conceive and bear,
As ſure as God was true.
Such high place in his favour ſhe poſſeſſed,
Being among all women bleſſed.
But bleſt eſpecially in this,
That ſhe believ'd, and for eternal bliſs
Rely'd on him, whom ſhe
Her ſelf ſhould bear,
And her own ſon
Took for her Saviour.
And if there any be,
That when they hear,
As ſhe had done
Sure their behaviour,
They may be bleſſed, as ſhe was, and ſay,
'Tis their annunciation-day.

The Nativity, or Chriſtmas-day.

UNfold thy face, unmask thy ray,
Shine forth bright ſun, double the day.
Let no malignant miſty fume,
Nor foggy vapour, once preſume
To interpoſe thy perfect ſight
This day, which makes us love thy light
For ever better, that we could
That bleſſed object once behold,
Which is both the circumference,
And centre of all excellence:
Or rather neither, but a treaſure
Unconfined without meaſure,
Whoſe centre and circumference,
Including all preheminence,
Excluding nothing but defect,

And infinite in each aſpect,
Is equally both here and there,
And now, and then, and ev'ry where
And always, one, himſelf, the ſame
A being far above a name.
Draw nearer then, and freely pour
Forth all thy light into that hour,
Which was crowned with his birth,
And made Heaven envy earth.
Let not this birth-day clouded be,
By whom thou ſhineſt, and we ſee.

The Circumciſion, or New-years day.

SOrrow betide my ſins! Muſt ſmart ſo ſoon
Seize on my Saviours tender fleſh ſcarce grown
Unto an eight days age?
Can nothing elſe aſſwage
The wrath of heaven, but his infant-blood?
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!
Is this thy welcome to the world, great God!
No ſooner born, but ſubject to the rod
Of ſin-incenſed wrath?
Alas, what pleaſure hath
Thy Fathers juſtice to begin thy paſſion,
Almoſt together with thine Incarnation?
Is it to antedate thy death? T' indite
Thy condemnation himſelf, and write
The copy with thy blood,
Since nothing is ſo good?
Or, is't by this experiment to try,
Whether thou beeſt born mortal, and canſt dye?
If man muſt needs draw blood of God, yet why
Stays he not till thy time be come to dye?
Didſt thou thus early bleed
For us to ſhew what need We

We have to haſten unto thee as faſt;
And learn that all the time is loſt that's paſt?

'Tis true, we ſhould do ſo; Yet in this blood
There's ſomething elſe, that muſt be underſtood:
It ſeals thy covenant,
That ſo we may not want
Witneſs enough againſt thee, that thou art
Made ſubject to the law, to act our part.

The Sacrament of thy regeneration
It cannot be; It gives no imitation
Of what thou wert, but we:
Native impurity,
Original corruption, was not thine,
But only as thy righteouſneſs is mine.

In holy Baptiſm this is brought to me,
As that in Circumciſion was to thee:
So that thy loſs and pain
Do prove my joy and gain.
Thy circumciſion writ thy death in blood:
Baptiſm in water ſeals my livelihood.

O bleſſed change! Yet, rightly underſtood,
That blood was water, and this water's blood.
What ſhall I give again,
To recompence thy pain?
Lord take revenge upon me for this ſmart:
To quit thy fore-ſkin, circumciſe my heart.

The Epiphany, or Twelfth-day.

GReat, without controverſie great,
They that do know it will confeſs
The myſtery of godlineſs;
Whereof the Goſpel doth intreat.

God

God in the flesh is manifest,
And that which has for ever been
Invisible, may now be seen,
Th'eternal deity new drest.

Angels to shepherds brought the news:
And wise men guided by a Star,
To seek the sun are come from far:
Gentiles have got the start of Jews.

The stable and the manger hide
His glory from his own: but these,
Though strangers, his resplendent rays
Of Majesty divine have spy'd.

Gold, frankincense, and myrrh, they give;
And worshipping him plainly show,
That unto him they all things owe,
By whose free gift it is they live.

Though clouded in a vail of flesh,
The sun of righteousness appears,
Melting cold cares and frosty fears,
And making joys spring up afresh.

O that his light and influence,
Would work effectually in me
Another new Epiphanie,
Exhale and elevate me hence:

That, as my calling doth require,
Star-like I may to others shine:
And guide them to that sun divine:
Whose day-light never shall expire.

The Passion, or Good-Friday.

THis day my Saviour dy'd: and do I live?
What hath not sorrow slain me yet?
Did the Immortal God vouchsafe to give

His

His life for mine, and do I ſet
More by my wretched life, than he by his,
So full of glory, and of bliſs?

Did his free mercy, and meer love to me,
Make him forſake his glorious throne,
And mount a croſs, the ſtage of infamie,
That ſo he might not die alone,
But dying ſuffer more through grief and ſhame,
Than mortal men have pow'r to name?

And can ingratitude ſo far prevail,
To keep me living ſtill? Alas!
Methinks ſome thorn out of his crown, ſome nail,
At leaſt his ſpear, might pierce, and paſs
Thorow, and thorow, till it reviv'd mine heart;
As the right death-deſerving part.

And doth he not expect it ſhould be ſo?
Would he lay down a price ſo great,
And not look that his purchaſes ſhould grow
Accordingly? Shall I defeat
His juſt deſire? O no, it cannot be:
His death muſt needs be death to me.

My life's not mine, but his: for he did dye
That I might live: yet died ſo,
That being dead he was alive; and I
Thorow the gates of death muſt go
To live with him: yea, to live by him here
Is a part in his death to bear.

Dye then, dull ſoul, and if thou canſt not dye,
Diſſolve thy ſelf into a ſea
Of living tears, whoſe ſtreams may ne're go dry.
Nor turned be another way,
Till they have drown'd all joys, but thoſe alone,
Which ſorrow claimeth for its own.

For ſorrow hath its joys: and I am glad That

That I would grieve, if I do not:
But if I neither could, nor would, be sad,
And sorrowful, this day, my lot
Would be to grieve for ever, with a grief
Uncapable of all relief.

No grief was like that, which he griev'd for me,
A greater grief than can be told:
And like my grief for him no grief should be,
If I could grieve so, as I would:
But what I would, and cannot, he doth see,
And will accept, that dy'd for me.

Lord, as thy grief and death for me are mine,
For thou hast given them unto me:
So my desires to grieve and dye are thine,
For they are wrought only by thee.
Not for my sake then, but thine own, be pleas'd
With that, which thou thy self hast rais'd.

The Resurrection, or Easter-day.

UP, and away,
Thy Saviours gone before.
Why dost thou stay,
Dull-soul? Behold the door
Is open, and his precept bids thee rise,
Whose pow'r hath vanquish't all thine enemies.

Say not, I live,
Whil'st in the grave thou ly'st:
He that doth give
Thee life, would have the prize't
More highly than to keep it bury'd, where
Thou canst not make the fruits of it appear.

Is rottenness,
And dust so pleasant to thee,
That happiness,

And

And heaven, cannot woo thee,
To ſhake thy ſhackles off, and leave behind thee
Thoſe fetters, which to death and hell do bind thee?
In vain thou ſay'ſt,
Th'art bury'd with thy Saviour,
If thou delay'ſt,
To ſhew, by thy behaviour,
That thou art riſen with him; Till thou ſhine
Like him, how canſt thou ſay his light is thine?
Early he roſe,
And with him brought the day,
Which all thy foes
Frighted out of the way:
And wilt thou ſluggard-like turn in thy bed,
Till noon-ſun-beams draw up thy drowſie head?
Open thine eyes,
Sin-ſeized ſoul, and ſee
What cobweb-tyes
They are, that tramel thee;
Not profits, pleaſures, honours, as thou thinkeſt;
But loſs, pain, ſhame, at which thou vainly winkeſt.
All that is good
Thy Saviour dearly bought
With his hearts blood;
And it muſt there be ſought,
Where he keeps reſidence, who roſe this day:
Linger no longer then; up, and away.

The Aſcenſion, or Holy *Thurſday.*

MOunt, mount, my ſoul, and climb, or rather flye
With all thy force on high,
Thy Saviour roſe not only, but aſcended:
And he muſt be attended

Both

Both in his conqueſt and his triumph too.
His glories ſtrongly woo
His graces to them, and will not appear
In their full luſtre, untill both be there.
Where he now ſits, not for himſelf alone,
But that upon his throne
All his redeemed may attendants be,
Robed, and crown'd as he.
Kings without Courtiers are lone men, they ſay;
And doſt thou think to ſtay
Behind on earth, whilſt thy King reigns in heaven,
Yet not be of thy happineſs bereaven?
Nothing that thou canſt think worth having's here.
Nothing is wanting there,
That thou canſt wiſh, to make thee truly bleſt.
And above all the reſt,
Thy life is hid with God in Jeſus Chriſt,
Higher than what is high'ſt.
O grovel then no longer here on earth,
Where mis'ry ev'ry moment drowns thy mirth.
But towr, my ſoul, and ſoar above the skies,
Where thy true treaſure lies.
Though with corruption, and mortality
Thou clogg'd and pinion'd be;
Yet thy flight thoughts, and ſprightly wiſhes, may
Speedily glide away.
To what thou canſt not reach, at leaſt aſpire,
Aſcend, if not in deed, yet in deſire.

Whitſunday.

NAy ſtartle not to hear the ruſhing wind,
Wherewith this place is ſhaken:
Attend a while, and thou ſhalt quickly find
How much thou art miſtaken,

If

If thou think here
Is any cauſe to fear.

See'ſt thou not how on thoſe twelve rev'rend heads
Sit cloven tongues of fire?
And as the rumour of that wonder ſpreads,
The multitude admire
To ſee it: and
Yet more amazed ſtand
To hear at once ſo great variety
Of language from them come,
Of whom they dare be bold to ſay they be
Bred no where but at home,
And never were
In place ſuch words to hear.

Mock not, prophane deſpiſers of the ſpirit,
At what's to you unknown:
This earneſt he hath ſent, who muſt inherit
All nations as his own:
That they may know
How much to him they owe.

Now that he is aſcended up on high
To his celeſtial throne,
And hath led captive all captivity,
He'll not receive alone,
But likewiſe give
Gifts unto all that live;
To all that live by him, that they may be,
In his due time, each one,
Partakers with him in his victory,
Nor he triumph alone,
But take all his
Unto him where he is.
To fit them for which bleſſed ſtate of glory,
This is his agent here:

To

To publish to the World that happy story,
Always, and every where,
This resident
Embassadour is sent.
Heavens legier upon earth to counter-work
The mines that Satan made,
And bring to light those enemies, that lurk
Under sins gloomy shade:
That hell may not
Still boast what it hath got.
Thus Babels curse, confusion, is retriev'd,
Diversity of tongues
By this division of the sp'rit reliev'd:
And to prevent all wrongs,
One faith unites
People of diff'rent rites.
O let his entertainment then be such,
As doth him best befit:
What ever he requireth think not much
Freely to yield him it:
For who doth this,
Reaps the first-fruits of bliss.

Trinity Sunday.

GRace, Wit, and Art assist me: for I see
The subject of this days solemnity
So far excells in worth,
That sooner may
I drain the sea,
Or drive the day
With light away,
Than fully set it forth,
Except you joyn all three to take my part,
And chiefly Grace fill both my head and heart.

Stay

Stay busie soul, presume not to enquire
Too much of what Angels can but admire,
And never comprehend:
The Trinity
In Unity,
And Unity
In Trinity,
All reason doth transcend.
God Father, Son God, and God Holy Ghost,
Who most admireth, magnifieth most.
And who most magnifies best understands,
And best expresseth what the heads, and hands,
And hearts, of all men living,
When most they try
To glorifie,
And raise on high,
Fall short, and lye
Groveling below: Mans giving
Is but restoring by retail with loss,
What from his God he first receiv'd in gross.
Faith must perform the office of invention,
And Elocution struck with apprehension
Of wonder, silence keep.
Not tongues, but eyes
Lift to the skies
In reverend wise,
Best solemnize
This day, whereof the deep
Mysterious subject lies out of the reach
Of Wit to learn, much more of Art to teach.
Then write *non ultra* here; Look not for leave
To speak of what thou never canst conceive
Worthily, as thou shouldest;
And it shall be
Enough for thee,

If none but he
Himſelf doth ſee,
Though thou canſt not, thou wouldeſt
Make his praiſe glorious, who is alone
Thrice bleſſed one in three, and three in one.

Invitation.

TUrn in, my Lord, turn in to me;
Mine heart's an homely place;
But thou canſt make corruption flee,
And fill it with thy grace.
So furniſhed it will be brave,
And a rich dwelling thou ſhalt have.
It was thy lodging once before,
It builded was by thee:
But I to ſin ſet ope the door,
It render'd was by me.
And ſo thy building was defac'd,
And in thy room another plac'd.
But he uſurps, the right is thine:
O diſpoſſeſs him Lord!
Do thou but ſay, this heart is mine,
He's gone at the firſt word.
Thy word's thy will, thy will's thy power,
Thy time is always; now's mine hour:
Now ſay to ſin, depart:
And, *ſon give me thine heart.*
Thou, that by ſaying, *Let it be*, didſt make it,
Canſt, if thou wilt, by ſaying, *Give't me*, take it.

Comfort in Extremity.

ALas! my Lord is gone,
Oh my woe!

It

It will be mine undoing;
If he go,
I'le run and overtake him:
If he ſtay,
I'le cry aloud, and make him
Look this way.
O ſtay, my Lord, my Love, 'tis I;
Comfort me quickly, or I dye.
Cheer up thy drooping ſpirits,
I am here.
Mine all-ſuffiſient merits
Shall appear
Before the throne of glory
In thy ſtead.
I'le put into thy ſtory
What I did.
Lift up thine eyes, ſad ſoul, and ſee
Thy Saviour here. Lo, I am he.
Alas! ſhall I preſent
My ſinfulneſs.
To thee? thou wilt reſent
The lothſomneſs
Be not afraid, I'le take
Thy ſins on me,
And all my favour make
To ſhine on thee.
Lord, what thou'lt have me, thou muſt make me.
As I have made thee, now I take thee.

Reſolutions and Aſſurance.

LOrd, thou wilt love me. Wilt thou not?
Beſhrew that not:
It was my ſin begot
That Queſtion firſt: Yes, Lord, thou wilt:

Thy blood was ſpilt
To waſh away my guilt,
Lord, I will love thee. Shall I not?
Beſhrew that not.
'Twas deaths accurſed plot
To put that queſtion: Yes, I will
Lord love thee ſtill,
In ſpight of all my ill.
Then life, and love continue ſtill
We ſhall, and will,
My Lord and I, untill,
In his celeſtial hill,
We love our fill,
When he hath purged all mine ill.

Vows broken and renewed.

SAid I not ſo, that I would ſin no more?
Witneſs my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the ſcore:
My faults cannot be hid.
What ſhall I do? Make vows, and break them ſtill?
'Twill be but labour loſt;
My good cannot prevail againſt mine ill:
The buſ'neſs will be croſt.

O, ſay not ſo! thou can'ſt not tell what ſtrength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the laſt,
Thy God will pardon all that's paſt. (may'ſt
Vow, whilſt thou canſt: while thou canſt vow, thou
Perhaps perform it, when thou thinkeſt leaſt.

Thy God hath not deny'd thee all,
Whilſt he permits thee but to call:
Call to thy God for grace to keep

Thy

Thy Vows, and if thou break them weep.
Weep for thy broken vows, and vow again:
Vows made with tears cannot be ſtill in vain.
Then once again
I vow to mend my ways,
Lord, ſay, Amen,
And thine be all the praiſe.

Confuſion.

O! How my mind
Is gravell'd!
Not a thought,
That I can find,
But's ravell'd
All to nought.
Short ends of threds,
And narrow ſhreds
Of liſts,
Knots ſnarled ruffs,
Looſe broken tufts
Of twiſts,
Are my torn meditations ragged clothing,
Which wound, and woven ſhape a ſute for nothing:
One while I think, and then I am in pain
To think how to unthink that thought again.
How can my ſoul
But famiſh
With this food?
Pleaſures full bowl
Taſts ramiſh,
Taints the blood.
Profit picks bones,
And chews on ſtones
That choak:
Honour climbs hills,

Fats not, but fills
With ſmoak.
And whilſt my thoughts are greedy upon theſe,
They paſs by pearls, and ſtoop to pick up peaſe.
Such waſh and draff is fit for none but ſwine:
And ſuch I am not, Lord, if I am thine.
Clothe me anew, and feed me then afreſh:
Elſe my ſoul dies famiſh'd, and ſtarv'd with fleſh.

A Paradox.

The worſe the better.

WElcome mine health: this ſickneſs makes me well.
Medicines adieu:
When with diſeaſes I have liſt to dwell,
I'le wiſh for you.

Welcome my ſtrength: this weakneſs makes me able.
Powers adieu:
When I am weary grown of ſtanding ſtable,
I'le wiſh for you.

Welcome my wealth: this loſs hath gain'd me more.
Riches adieu:
When I again grow greedy to be poor,
I'le wiſh for you.

Welcome my credit: this diſgrace is glory.
Honours adieu:
When for renown, and fame I ſhall be ſorry,
I'le wiſh for you.

Welcome content: this ſorrow is my joy.
Pleaſures adieu:
When I deſire ſuch griefs as may annoy,
I'le wiſh for you.

Health, ſtrength, and riches, credit, and content,
Are ſpared beſt, ſometimes when they are ſpent:

Sick-

Sickneſs and weakneſs, loſs, diſgrace, and ſorrow,
Lend moſt ſometimes, when they moſt ſeem to borrow
Bleſt be the hand, that helps by hurting, gives
By taking, by forſaking me relieves.
If in my fall my riſing be thy will,
Lord, I will ſay, *The worſe the better ſtill.*
I'le ſpeak the Paradox, maintain thou it,
And let thy grace ſupply my want of wit.
Leave me no learning that a man may ſee,
So I may be a Scholar unto thee.

Inmates.

AN houſe I had (an heart I mean) ſo wide
And full of ſpacious rooms on every ſide,
That viewing it I thought I might do well,
Rather than keep it void, and make no gain,
Of what I could not uſe, to entertain
Such gueſts as came: I did; but what befel
Me quickly in that courſe, I ſigh to tell.

A gueſt I had (alas! I have her ſtill)
A great big-belly'd gueſt, enough to fill
The vaſt content of hell, Corruption.
By entertaining her I loſt my right
To more than all the world hath now in ſight.
Each day, each hour almoſt, ſhe brought forth one
Or other baſe-begot tranſgreſſion.

The charge grew great. I, that had loſt before
All that I had, was forced now to ſcore
For all the charges of their maintenance
In dooms-day book: Whoever knew't would ſay,
The leaſt ſum there was more than I could pay,
When firſt 'twas due, beſides continuance, (hance.
Which could not chuſe but much the debt en-

To ease me first I wish'd her to remove:
But she would not. I su'd her then above,
And begg'd the court of heaven, but in vain,
To cast her out. No, I could not evade
The bargain, which she pleaded I had made,
That, whilst both lived, I should entertain,
At mine own charge, both her and all her train.

No help then, but or I must dye, or she;
And yet my death of no avail would be:
For one death I had dy'd already then,
When first she liv'd in me: and now to dye
Another death again were but to tye
And twist them both into a third, which when
It once hath seiz'd on, never looseth men.

Her death might be my life; but her to kill
I, of my self, had neither power nor will.
So desp'rate was my case. Whilst I delay'd,
My guest still teem'd, my debts still greater grew;
The less I had to pay, the more was due.
The more I knew, the more I was afraid:
The more I mus'd, the more I was dismaid.

At last I learn'd, there was no way but one:
A friend must do it for me. He alone,
That is the Lord of Life, by dying can
Save men from death, and kill corruption:
And many years ago the deed was done,
His heart was pierc'd; out of his side there ran
Sins corrosives, restoratives for man.

This precious balm I begg'd, for pities sake,
At mercies gate: where Faith alone may take,
What Grace and Truth do offer lib'rally.
Bounty said, Come, I heard it, and believed;
None ever there complain'd, but was relieved.

Hope waiting upon faith ſaid inſtantly,
That thenceforth I ſhould live, Corruption dye.
And ſo ſhe dy'd, I live. But yet, alas!
We are not parted: She is where ſhe was,
Cleaves faſt unto me ſtill, looks through mine eyes,
Speaks in my tongue, and muſeth in my mind,
Works with mine hands: her body's left behind,
Although her ſoul be gone. My miſeries
All flow from hence: from hence my woes ariſe.
I loath my ſelf, becauſe I leave her not:
Yet cannot leave her. No, ſhe is my lot,
Now being dead, that living was my choice:
And ſtill, though dead, ſhe both conceives and bears
Many faults daily, and as many fears:
All which for vengeance call with a loud voice,
And drown my comforts with a deadly noiſe.
Dead bodies kept unbury'd quickly ſtink,
And putrefie: How can I then but think
Corruption noyſom, even mortifi'd?
Though ſuch ſhe were before, yet ſuch to me
She ſeemed not. Kind fools can never ſee,
Or will not credit, untill they have try'd,
That friendly looks oft falſe intents do hide.
But mortifi'd Corruption lies unmaskt,
Blabs her own ſecret, filthineſs unaskt,
To all that underſtand her. That do none,
In whom ſhe lives embraced with delight:
She firſt of all deprives them of their ſight:
Then doat they on her, as upon their own,
And ſhe to them ſeems beautiful alone.
But wo is me! One part of me is dead:
The other lives. Yet that which lives is led,
Or rather carry'd captive unto ſin,
By the dead part. I am a living grave,
And a dead body I within me have.

The worſe part of the better oft doth win:
And when I ſhould have ended, I begin.
The ſent would choak me, were it not that grace
Sometimes vouchſafeth to perfume the place
With odours of the Spirit, which do eaſe me,
And counterpoiſe Corruption. Bleſſed Spirit,
Although eternal torments be my merit,
And of my ſelf Tranſgreſſions only pleaſe me,
Add grace enough being reviv'd, to raiſe me.
Challenge thine own. Let not intruders hold
Againſt thy right, what to my wrong I ſold.
Having no ſtate my ſelf, but tenancy,
And tenancy at will, what could I grant
That is not voided, if thou ſay, avant!
O ſpeak the word, and make theſe inmates flee:
Or, which is one, take me to dwell with thee.

The Curb.

PEace, rebel thought: doſt thou not know thy King,
My God, is here?
Cannot his preſence, if no other thing,
Make thee forbear?
Or were he abſent, all the ſtanders by
Are but his ſpies:
And well he knows, if thou ſhould'ſt it deny,
Thy words were lies.
If others will not, yet I muſt, and will,
My ſelf complain.
My God, ev'n now a baſe rebellious thought
Began to move,
And ſubt'ly twining with me would have wrought
Me from thy love:
Fain he would have me to believe, that ſin,
And thou might both

Take

Take up my heart together for your Inn,
And neither lothe
The others company: a while sit still,
And part again.

Tell me, my God, how this may be redrest.
The fault is great,
And I the guilty party have confest,
I must be beat.
And I refuse not punishment for this,
Though to my pain:
So I may learn to do no more amiss,
Nor sin again:
Correct me, if thou wilt; but teach me then
What I shall do.

Lord of my life, methinks I heard thee say,
That labour's eas'd:
The fault, that is confest, is done away,
And thou art pleas'd.
How can I sin again, and wrong thee then,
That do'st relent,
And cease thine anger straight, as soon as men
Do but repent?
No, rebel thought; for if thou move again,
I'le tell that too.

The Loss.

THe match is made
Between my Love and me:
And therefore glad,
And merry now I'le be.
Come glory, crown
My head;
And pleasures drown
My bed.

Of thorns in down.
Sorrow, be gone;
Delight,
And joy alone
Befit
My honey Moon.
Be packing now,
You cumb'rous cares, and fears:
Mirth will allow
No room to ſighs and tears.
Whilſt thus I lay,
As raviſht with delight,
I heard one ſay,
So fools their friends requite.
I knew the voice
My Lords,
And at the noiſe
His words
Did make, aroſe.
I look'd, and ſpy'd,
Each where,
And loudly cry'd,
My dear,
But none reply'd.
Then to my grief
I found my love was gone,
Without relief,
Leaving me all alone.

The Search.

Whither, Oh! whither is my Lord departed?
What can my love, that is ſo tender-hearted,
Forſake the ſoul, which once he thorow darted,
As if it never ſmarted?

No,

No, ſure my love is here, if I could find him:
He that fils all can leave no place behind him.
But oh! my ſenſes are too weak to wind him:
Or elſe I do not mind him.

O no, I mind him not ſo as I ought;
Nor ſeek him ſo as I by him was ſought,
When I had loſt my ſelf: he dearly bought
Me, that was ſold for nought.

But I have wounded him, that made me ſound:
Loſt him again, by whom I firſt was found:
Him, that exalted me, have caſt to th' ground;
my ſins his blood have drown'd.

Tell me, oh! tell me, (thou alone canſt tell)
Lord of my life, where thou art gone to dwell:
For in thy abſence heav'n it ſelf is hell:
Without thee none is well.

Or, if thou beeſt not gone, but only hideſt
Thy preſence in the place where thou abideſt,
Teach me the ſacred art, which thou prevideſt
For all them whom thou guideſt,

To ſeek and find thee by. Elſe here lie lye,
Until thou find me. If thou let me dye,
That only unto thee for life do cry,
Thou dy'ſt as well as I.

For, if thou live in me, and I in thee,
Then either both alive, or dead muſt be:
At leaſt I'le lay my death on thee, and ſee
If thou wilt not agree.

For, though thou be the Judge thy ſelf, I have
Thy promiſe for it, which thou canſt not wave,
That who ſalvation at thine hands do crave,
Thou wilt not fail to ſave.

Oh!

Oh! seek, and find me then; or else deny
Thy truth, thy self. O! thou canst not lye,
Shew thy self constant to thy word, draw nigh.
Find me. Lo, here I lye.

The Return.

LO, now my love appears;
My tears
Have clear'd mine eyes: I see
'Tis he.
Thanks, blessed Lord, thine absence was my hell;
And, now thou art returned, I am well.
By this I see I must
Not trust
My joys unto my self:
This shelf
Of too secure, and too presumptuous pleasure
Had almost sunk my ship, and drown'd my treasure.
Who would have thought a joy
So coy
To be offended so,
And go
So suddenly away? As if enjoying
Full pleasure and contentment, were anoying.
Hereafter I had need
Take heed.
Joys, amongst other things,
Have wings,
And watch their opportunities of flight,
Converting in a moment day to night.
But, is't enough for me
To be
Instructed to be wise?
I'le rise,

And

And read a lecture unto them that are
Willing to learn, how comfort dwels with care.
He that his joys wou'd keep,
Muſt weep;
And in the brine of tears,
And fears,
Muſt pickle them. That powder will preſerve:
Faith with repentance is the ſouls conſerve.
Learn to make much of care:
A rare
And precious balſam 'tis
For bliſs;
Which oft reſides, where mirth with ſorrow meets:
Heavenly joys on earth are bitter-ſweets.

Inundations.

WE talk of *Noahs* flood, as of a wonder;
And well we may;
The Scriptures ſay,
The water did prevail, the hills were under,
And nothing could be ſeen but ſea.
And yet there are two other floods ſurpaſs
That flood as far,
As heav'n one ſtar,
Which many men regard as little, as
The ordinary'ſt things that are.
The one is ſin, the other is ſalvation:
And we muſt need
Confeſs indeed,
That either is an inundation,
Which doth the deluge far exceed.
In *Noahs* flood he and his houſhold liv'd:
And there abode
A whole Ark-load;

Of

Of other creatures, that were then repriev'd:
All safely on the waters rode.
But, when sin came, it overflowed all,
And left none free:
Nay even he,
That knew no sin, could not release my thrall,
But that he was made sin for me;
And, when salvation came, my Saviours blood
Drown'd sin again,
With all its train
Of evils, overflowing them with good,
With good that ever shall remain.
O, let there be one other inundation,
Let grace o'reflow
In my soul so,
That thankfulness may level with salvation,
And sorrow sin may over-grow.
Then will I praise my Lord and Saviour so,
That Angels shall
Admire mans fall,
When they shall see Gods greatest glory grow,
Where Satan thought too root out all.

Sin.

SIn, I would fain define thee: but thou art
And uncouth thing:
All that I bring
To shew thee fully, shews thee but in part.
I call thee the transgression of the Law,
And yet I read,
That sin is dead
Without the Law; and thence it strength doth draw.

I say thou art the sting of death. 'Tis true:
And yet I find
Death comes behind:
The work is done before the pay be due.
I say thou art the devils work; Yet he
Should much rather
Call thee Father:
For he had been no devil but for thee.
What shall I call thee then? If death and devil,
Right understood,
Be names too good,
I'le say thou art the quintessence of evil.

Travels at home.

OFt have I wish'd a traveller to be:
Mine eyes did even itch the sights to see,
That I had heard and read of. Oft I have
Been greedy of occasion, as the grave,
That never says enough; yet still was croft,
When opportunities had promis'd most.
At last I said, what mean'st thou, wandring elf,
To struggle thus? Go travel first thy self.
Thy little world can shew thee wonders great:
The greater may have more, but not more neat
And curious pieces. Search, and thou shalt find
Enough to talk of. If thou wilt, thy mind
Europe supplies, and *Asia* thy will,
And *Africk* thy affections. And if still
Thou list to travel further, put thy senses
For both the *Indies*. Make no more pretences,
Of new discoveries, whilst yet thine own,
And neareſt, little world is still unknown.
Away then with thy quadrants, compasses,
Globes, tables, cards, and maps, and minute glasses.
Lay by thy journals, and thy diaries,
Close up thine annals, and thine histories.

Study

Study thy self, and read what thou hast writ
In thine own book, thy conscience. Is it fit
To labour after other knowledge so,
And thine own neareſt, deareſt, ſe'f not know?
Travels abroad both dear and dang'rous are,
Whilſt oft the ſoul pays for the bodies fare:
Travels at home are cheap, and ſafe. Salvation,
Comes mounted on the wings of meditation.
He that doth live at home, and learns to know
God and himſelf, needeth no further go.

The Journey.

Life is a journey. From our mothers womb s,
As houſes, we ſet out: and in our tombs,
As Inns, we reſt, till it be time to riſe.
'Twixt rocks and gulfs our narrow foot-path lies:
Haughty preſumption and hell-deep deſpair
Make our way dangerous, though ſeeming fair.
The world with its inticements ſleek any fly,
Slabbers our ſteps, and makes them ſlippery.
The fleſh, with its corruptions, cloggs our feet,
And burdens us with loads of luſts unmeet.
The devil, where we tread, doth ſpread his ſnares,
And with temptations takes us unawares.
Our footſteps are our thoughts, our words, our works:
Theſe carry us along; in theſe there lurks
Envy, luſt, avarice, ambition,
The crooked turnings to perdition.
One while we creep amongſt the thorny brakes
Of worldly profits; and the devil takes
Delight to ſee us pierce our ſelves with ſorrow
To day, by thinking what might be to morrow.
Another while we wade, and wallow in
Puddles of Pleaſure; and we never lin
Dawbing our ſelves with dirty damn'd delights,
Till ſelf-begotten pain our pleaſure frights. Some

Sometimes we ſcramble to get up the banks
Of icy honour; and we break our ranks
To ſtep before our fellows; though, they ſay,
He ſooneſt tireth, that ſtill leads the way.
Sometimes, when others juſtle and provoke us,
We ſtir that duſt our ſelves, that ſerves to choak us;
And raiſe thoſe tempeſts of contention, which
Blow us beſide the way into the ditch.
Our minds ſhould be our guides: but they are blind,
Our wills out-run our wits, or lag behind.
Our furious paſſions, like unbridled jades,
Hurry us headlong to th' infernal ſhades.
If God be not our guide, our guard, our friend,
Eternal death will be our journeys end.

Engines.

MEn often find, when nature's at a ſtand,
And hath in vain try'd all her utmoſt ſtrength,
That Art, her Ape, can reach her out an hand,
To pierce her powers with to a full length.
And may not grace have means enough in ſtore,
Wherewith to do as much as that, and more?

She may: She hath engines of ev'ry kind,
To work what Art and Nature, when they view,
Stupendious miracles of wonder find,
And yet muſt need acknowledge to be true;
So far tranſcending all their pow'r and might,
That they ſtand ev'n amazed at the ſight.

Take but three inſtances; faith, hope, and love.
Souls help'd by the perſpective glaſs of faith
Are able to perceive what is above
The reach of reaſon: yea the Scripture ſaith,
Ev'n him that is inviſible behold,
And future things, as if they'd been of old.

Faith

Faith looks into the ſecret Cabinet
Of Gods eternal Counſels, and doth ſee
Such myſteries of glory there, as ſet
Believing hearts on longing, till they be
Transform'd to the ſame image, and appear
So altered, as if themſelves were there.

Faith can raiſe earth to heaven, or draw down
Heaven to earth, make both extreams to meet
Felicity and miſery, can crown
Reproach with honour, ſeaſon ſowre with ſweet.
Nothing's impoſſible to faith: a man
May do all things that he believes he can.

Hope founded upon faith can raiſe the heart
Above it ſelf in expectation
Of what the ſoul deſireth for its part:
Then, when its time of tranſmigration
Is delay'd longeſt, yet as patiently
To wait, as if't were anſwer'd by and by.

When grief unwieldy grows, hope can abate
The bulk to what proportion it will:
So that a large circumference of late
A little centre ſhall not reach to fill.
Nor that, which gyant-like before did ſtrout,
Be able with a pigmey's pace t' hold out.

Hope can diſperſe the thickeſt clouds of night,
That fear hath overſpread the ſoul withal,
And make the darkeſt ſhadows ſhine as bright,
As the Sun-beams ſpread on a ſilver wall.
Sin-ſhaken ſouls Hope anchor-like holds ſteady,
When ſtorm, and tempeſts make them more than (giddy.

Love

Love led by faith, and fed with hope, is able
To travel through the worlds wide wilderneſs;
And burdens ſeeming moſt intolerable
Both to take up, and bear with chearfulneſs.
To do, or ſuffer, what appears in ſight
Extreamly heavy, love will make moſt light.

Yea, what by men is done, or ſuffered,
Either for God, or elſe for one another,
Though in it ſelf it be much blemiſhed
With many imperfections, which ſmother,
And drown the worth, and weight of it; yet, all
What will, or can, love makes amends for all.

Love doth unite, and knit, both make, and keep
Things one together, which were otherwiſe,
Or would be both divers, and diſtant. Deep,
High, long and broad, or whatſoever ſize
Eternity is of, or happineſs,
Love comprehends it all, be't more, or leſs.
Give me this threefold cord of graces then,
Faith hope and love, let them poſſeſs mine heart,
And gladly I'le reſign to other men
All I can claim by nature, or by art.

To mount a ſoul, and make it ſtill ſtand ſtable,
Theſe are alone Engines incomparable.

FINIS.

TO

To my Reverend Friend, The Author of the *SYNAGOGUE*.

SIR,

I Lov'd you for your *Synagogue*, before
I knew your person; but now love you more;
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind:
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire,
Where holy *Herbert* sits
(O shame to prophane wits!)
And sings his and your Anthems, to the praise
Of him that is the first and last of days.
These holy Hymns had an Ethereal birth:
For they can raise sad souls above the earth,
And fix them there,
Free from the worlds anxieties and fear.
Herbert and you have pow'r
To do this: ev'ry hour
I read you kills a sin,
Or lets a virtue in
To fight against it; and the Holy Ghost
Supports my frailties, lest the day be lost.
This holy war, taught by your happy pen,
The Prince of Peace approves. When we poor men
Neglect our arms,
W'are circumvested with a world of harms.
But I will watch, and ward,
And stand upon my guard,
And still consult with you,
And *Herbert*, and renew
My vows, and say, well fare his, and your heart,
The Fountains of such Sacred Wit and Art.

Iz. Wa.

To his Ingenious Friend,

The Author of the *SYNAGOGUE*,

UPON HIS

Additional *Church-Utenſils*.

SIR,

SO the cheap Touch-ſtone's bold
To queſtion the more noble gold;
As I, at your command,
Put forth my bluſhing hand
To try theſe Raptures, ſent to my poor Teſt;
But ſince your Queſtion's, Are they like the reſt?
I ſay they are the beſt:
That once conceiv'd, the other is confeſt.

But Sir, now they are here,
For to prevent a female jeer,
Thus much affirm I do,
They're like the father too;
And you like him whoſe ſublime paths you tread,
Herbert! to be like whom, who'd not be dead?
Herbert! whom when I read,
I ſtoop at ſtars that ſhine below my head.

Herbert

Herbirt; whose every strain
Twists holy breasts with happy brain
So that who strives to be
As elegant as he,
Most climb mount *Calv'ry* for *Parnassus* hill,
And in his Saviours sides baptize his Quill;
A Jordan fit t' instill
A Saint-like style back'd with an angels skill.

He was our *Solomon*,
And you are our Centurion;
Our Temple him we owe,
Our Synagogue to you:
Where if your Piety so much allow
That structure with these ornaments t' endow,
All good men will avow,
Your Syn'gogue, built before, is furnish't now.

J. L.

SIR,

SIR,

WHile I read your lines, methinks I ſpy
Churches, and Church-men, and the old Hie-
(rarchy
What potent charms are theſe! You have the knack
To make men young again, and fetch time back.
I've loſt what was beſtow'd on *Judah*'s prince,
And am now where I was thrice five-years ſince.
The mid-ſpace ſhrunk to nothing, Manners, Men,
And Times, and all look juſt as they did then.
Rubbiſh and ruin's vaniſh'd, every where
Order and comlineſs afreſh appear.
What cannot Poets do? They change with eaſe
The face of things, and lead us as they pleaſe.
Yet here's no fiction neither. We may ſee
The Poet Prophet, his Verſe Hiſtorie.

Jan. 1. 1654.

A. S.

FINIS.

145902

The Synagogue
by C. Hervey ?

The Synagogue
supposed to have been written
by E. Harvey, M.A. Vicar of Clifton
Warwickshire - born 1597. died 1663.